



the end of humanity



disease

distopia

survival

46 2 3

Chapter 1 by Thomas McCann

it is the year 2075, in the year 2050 the world reached a population of 9 billion then the starvation started, then the riots and floods, and with the floods came disease. you are in the last human colony surrounded by walls in the Himalayas. the crops have failed and you must venture outside the wall with to find food and a possible cure for the disease...

Chapter 2 by Thomas McCann



I said goodbye to everyone and motioned for the gate to be opened. I approached the gate listening to the screech of the gears and chains. I walked outside, I was not ready for the destruction I saw, bodies everywhere. I started to head down the path to the nearest village. The path was littered with dead and had a very unpleasant smell. In less than an hour I had reached the village or what was left of it, the floods swallowed the village whole, I knew I would have to find a way around...

Chapter 3 by SynKast



Eventually, I could no longer neglect the churning in my gut as the smell of rotting flesh along with whatever fecal matter had surfaced from the sewers during the floods.

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itself coming to an end when there was nothing left in my stomach to heave outwards, although, I could still feel the sporadic clenching of my stomach from time to time in its hopeless attempts to empty itself, with time that would wear off on its own, and hopefully, so would with that retched smell.

As soon as I recollected my composure back I was able to find the energy to continue, though, some air fresheners would've been delightful right about now.

Seeing this would be a better opportunity than any. I ventured forward into the village scavaging whatever I could while digging through waste, rubble and only the gods know what else. though, after what seemed like an eternity, I was lucky enough to of spotted an old cottage on top of a hill. It seemed have been protected from the flood due to its conveniently elevated location; With the thought of having someplace dry to take shelter, I ventured towards the cabin without a second thought.

With each step closer, I got more and more excited, I could feel pure adrenaline pumped through my veins caused the hairs on the back of my neck to stiffen, hell, even my poor stomach was doing flips again.

With each step closer, the sound of soggy grass and mud being compressed between the earth and my feet could be heard until my foot pressed firmly against the wooden stair. The sound of a familiar creaking could be heard with every footstep I took as I continued up the stairs until, "CRACK!" Just when everything was going good, it seemed luck had to run out as I quickly found my foot being lodged between two halves of a broken plank of wood. Thankfully, I had enough room to wiggle myself free. however, freedom didn't seem to be enough to stop the flow of fresh blood that was now trickling down my leg turning my jeans a dark crimson color.

With a deep exhale I began pulling up my pants sleeve exposing a gash in my calf.

I sat silently against the pillar of the cabin's porch un-doing my leather belt and wrapped it tightly around my leg in the attempt to stop the blood flow long enough to patch it up as best I could given the few supplies I managed to round up before I was called out.

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